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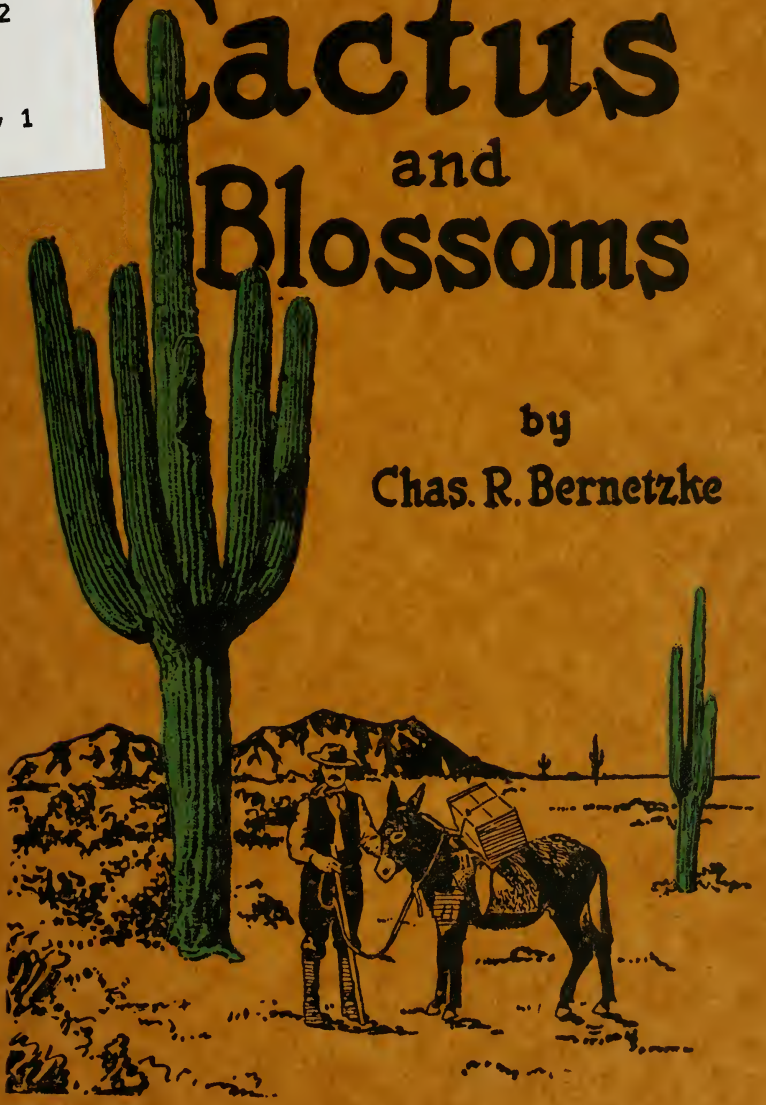
Cactus and Blossoms

by

Chas. R. Bernetzke



THE AUTHOR AT LEISURE

CACTUS AND BLOSSOMS

BY

CHARLES R. BERNETZKE

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

1917

PUBLISHED BY

THE NEWS PUBLISHING CO.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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Introduction

THE author of this Booklet is not a personal friend of ours, and for that reason we can be frank in expressing our favorable view of his work; but we think he has already rendered a great service to the people of the West, and not to Arizona alone. The present Booklet seems to us a model of lucid, picturesque and sympathetic narrative, and no doubt it will, we feel sure, be of lasting value to those who may have the pleasure of reading it.

No, kind reader, we never questioned your intelligence—you read this Booklet, and that speaks in terms of its own.

NEWS PUBLISHING CO.

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PUBLISHED BY

CHARLES R. BERNETZKE

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

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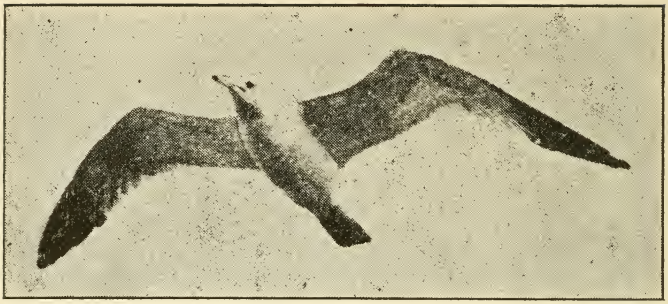


CAUGHT ON THE WING

Author's Note

OWING to the many demands of my western friends and acquaintances to publish my poems and short articles in booklet form, although many of them have already appeared in the local press from time to time, and collecting them has been a difficult task owing to the number of my poems having been lost since my twelve years of literary work, while on the other hand, for the want of space in this Booklet, half the material on hand must wait for some future date.

The contents of this Booklet is optimistic and constructive, creating conservative opinion, progressive, uplifting and bettering human conditions, to promote the brotherhood of man. It appeals to a substantial and thinking class.

THE AUTHOR.

Season's Greeting

ACCEPT this little book from me
As a pledge of friendship true;
On its pages find good wishes
That the writer brings to you;
And may nothing come between us
But the seasons that come and go—
May the friendliness the future brings
Make us ever warmer friends.

Our Creed: Good Will Toward All Men

AS THE world grows older we learn that the brotherhood of man includes all races and all creeds; and especially on this continent, dedicated to liberty, to justice and to human betterment, we must learn, as we are learning, that we have too many problems of common interest, too many economic, industrial and political questions which demand the best that is in all of us to waste our time in selfish strife. We must put such things behind us and turn our faces to the work of building up our common country and to the solving of those problems of social democracy which help to make for peace on earth and good will toward all men.

Those Familiar Scenes of Bygone Days

THE old rail fence and the log cabin, that both still bring sacred thoughts of hallowed memory and tender recollection, are no more. These old friends of ours have served us well—we need them no more; we have grown beyond them.

But, today, when I witnessed the tearing down of the last adobe house in the neighborhood of our desert city, it seemed to me (old foggy that I am) that the event was solemn enough to celebrate with appropriate and impressive ceremonies.

A Tribute to Mother

RIGHT at the beginning of this Booklet, I wish to give the credit for what I am and for what I have done exactly where it belongs—to my mother—for she was my inspiration in my boyhood years and taught me how to pray.

At my mother's knees I learned the prayers
That bring back memories of boyhood years—
Memories that still bless and burn
Of hope and gain, eternal blessed;
Memories that shall ever bless and burn,
Even until memories have fled.

To My Friends of Nature's Molding

THERE are men that time but mellows as it ever onward goes.
There are hearts that carry fragrance as the fragrance of the rose;
There are greetings that are warmer for the snowy frosted head.
There are memories we shall treasure e'en till memory has fled.
There are faces in our midst time has furrowed, where are joy and sorrow blend.
There are feet that ne'er grow weary when on deeds of kindness bent;
There are souls that bid defiance to each worldly selfish creed;
There are men we love to honor for each thought and word and deed.
There are those who are sunbeams in our ranks as they go to their daily round,
They are worthy of remembrance, for seldom are they found.
So I write this humble tribute, though it needs a worthier pen,
To my Arizona friends of nature's molding, one who loves his fellowmen.

Valley of Maricopa County's Soul

IN GOOD old Maricopa County
There is a valley green,
The fairest, rarest, dearest,
Of all this state, I ween.
Oh, its silvery, laughing rivulets,
Hedged in with flowers gay,
And rows of palms so stately,
Have won my love for aye.

In its softly smiling bosom
A golden harvest lies;
Methinks the sunshine's glory
Hath strayed down from on high,
And within the breast of nature
Hath hid itself in part.
So we call this golden treasure
Maricopa County's heart.

But o'er this valley lovely
A blessed spirit thrills,
It breathes in fields so sunny,
And o'er the verdant hills;
It breathes from ripening orchards,
'Tis free beyond control;
'Tis the spirit of the harvest,
From Maricopa County's soul.

Come With Us

SAY, you of the city! who sweat and toil,
Come with us to the woods and hills,
Away from the noises and city strife.
In our cabin among the whispering trees,
Among the birds and the humming bees;
The land of nature and God's free soil,
Where man meets his maker, face to face—
His work you will find on every hand.
Come! abide with us in this beautiful land.

The Land of Today

SWING inward, O times of the future;
Swing outward, ye times of the past;
For the soul of the people is moving
Westward is the call of today.

The days of the old are retreating,
The green meadows have signalled the change;
Southward the empire's way is beating,
And calling the sons of today.

The soil tells the same fruitful story,
The seasons their bounties display,
And the flowers lift their faces in glory
To catch the sun kisses of day.

The desert has awakened from slumber,
And rendered its beauty at last;
The land is prepared for the many,
The future has conquered the past.

Off for the Country

JUST for a stay in the country once a year;
Just for a stay where shade plays on a creek?
Shooting, fishing and watching the trout at play
In the waters, joyed with delight, as they swim
Over boulders by the moss-grown rocks,
Turn and splash, pitch and leap to and fro.

Just for a stay in the country, and leave the noise far behind;
Life's mad blur, the city's turmoil and strife,
Foolish struggling all the time; all the jar
Lost in that shady nook by the brook afar.
Just for a stay—and there to seek quietude from all jar,
One can find it by a creek up in Yavapai.

Scatter Your Flowers of Love Today

WE SHOULD all show more of our appreciation to our friends while they are living with us, and not wait, as we are too often inclined to do, to place the flowers fo appreciation on their coffin, instead of to the living.

Oh, my friend, it would be better
If to those we love we gave
Tender words while they are with us,
Than to say them over a grave.
Those who die no longer need them,
And the words they longed to hear
While they lived, are only wasted
On the cold, silent, deaf ear.

When We Have Done Our Task

WHEN we have done our task
And lay down our earthly robes,
That we can truthfully say:
On our great American altar
We have sacrificed our best;
Never known to have faltered
When our country called for us.
Deeds, not great, but humble efforts,
We served our country with the best,
That will be placed in America's record
By the true home-loving men.

Today's Tribute

THERE is no greater tribute to be paid a man in these days of selfishness than when you can say of him: "He is on the square."

Write Mother That Letter Before It Is Too Late

IF YOU have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day;
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach Heavens pearly gate,
But show her that you still love her
Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it to her today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait;
So make your loving mother happy
Before it is too late.

We live but in the present,
The future is unknown:
Tomorrow is a mystery,
Today is all our own.
The chance to write that letter
May vanish while you wait,
So send your mother that letter
Before it is too late.

The tender word unspoken,
The letters never sent;
The long forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent.
For these a mother's heart is breaking,
For these a loving mother waits;
Show her that you care for her
Before it is too late.

Invitation to James Whitcomb Riley

THE author sent the following cordial invitation to "the poet laureate of Indiana," James Whitcomb Riley, who was spending the winter at Palm Beach, Florida:

Dear Sir and Friend:

Phoenix, Arizona, and the beautiful sun-kissed valley of Southern Arizona extends to you a most cordial invitation to spend a winter among the orange groves,

Where sunshine is our burnin' hearth,
And friends are gathered 'round it;
Old faces aglow, from far an' near,
That are from northland journeying here.
Each winter day brings a delight
Of sunny skies an' fields so bright,
That's summer sunshine in this clime,
That balmy air Arizona yields.
The latch string's always hangin' out
For good friends, old an' new;
My hearth is wide, come out here—
I've saved a place for you, friend.

Sincerely yours,
"The Poet of the Desert."

The other is "Greeting from My Arizona":

The year's still young, friend and poet laureate,
It's leap-year once ag'in.
That gives an extra chance for me
To make an end o' bachelor days;
And may the wrinkles 1916 bring you
Be the sort loving smiles leave behind,
An' the only clouds above you
Be the fragrant of a loving kind.

The answer received is dated:

Indianapolis, Feb. 3, 1916.

My Dear Mr. Bernetzke:

I wish to thank you for your poetical message of invitation and good wishes and to return happy greetings to you. Very sincerely yours,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A (Arizona) Ranger Toast

SO HERE'S for the strenuous life,
The life in the southwestern land,
Where a man who steals a horse gets caught
By the peerless Ranger gang (man).

So here's for rifle and horse,
And the spur and saddle, too;
And the cowboy's call "Come, one and all;
This is the western life for you."

So here's for the long, white, dusty trail
'Neath scorching sun or moonlight pale;
Over the desert, hills and mountain trail,
By shaft of copper and gold.

So here's for the wooded hill,
Where the bear and pumma roams,
And the wildcat springs from a leafy bough,
And the jackal makes his home.

So here's for the Arizona life—
The life that is gay and free—
Where the sky's your roof and the ground your floor,
and the whole southwest is an open door:
That is the life for me.

Broken Promises

FEW people realize the misery that has been caused in this world to the countless lives that have been lost because of broken promises—all the misery and hopelessness that has been caused by a failure to keep a given word. In business, in private, in fraternal and public life, the greatest aim of every man worthy of the name is that his word shall be inviolate.

Little Things of Life

IT'S JUST the little things of life—the little things of life—
That make the tears and sunshine of this earthly strife;
Little satisfactions, little words of cheer,
Little deeds of kindness, make life worth living here.
Little words of comfort to the weary, troubled mind,
Till its murmur joins in concert with the gentle summer wind.
Though the clouds above are big and drear and black,
Just one little ray of sunlight will turn the darkness back.
Let us, then, remember as we toil along the way,
'Tis not the big things of tomorrow, but the small things of today,
That make life worth living here.

Do What You Can

DO WHAT you can,
Be what you are;
Shine like a glow worm
If you cannot like a star.
Work like a pulley,
If you cannot like a crane.
Be a wheel-greaser,
If you cannot drive the train.

Be the pliant oar,
If you cannot be the sail.
Be the little needle,
If you cannot be the tailor.
Be the cleaning broom,
If you cannot be the sweeper.
Be the sharpened sickle,
If you cannot be the reaper.
But don't be the wheel-greaser,
If you ought to drive the train.

Old Burro, Friend of Mine

OLD Burro, friend of mine—
My pard of former days—
O'er desert plains, through canyon deep,
We've wandered on our ways;
We never saw our spirit sag
Or lose the charm for richer strike,
That led us far and wide.

Old Burro, friend of mine—
We've waded through many a stream.
Faithful and brave you bore the load
And served me, and me alone.
I never saw you limp or lag,
Or lose the winding trail
That in no man's land 'twould lead.

Old Burro, friend of mine—
We've roamed around the lonely hills,
And oft beneath the starry skies
Slept together on nature's bocom sound,
Dreaming of better days and richer strikes
That vanished with the morning dawn,
And we've never seen nor found.

But, old Burro, friend of mine,
The eve bespeaks the night—
Your face, age-gray, tells its tale—
Mine, too, is growing white.
But soon from earth's abysmal crag,
Those border mounts we'll scale
And forever cross the great divide.

MANY a gem of purest ray lies hidden on some mountain top; and many a flower is blushed unseen and wasting its fragrance in the desert air.

The Arizona prospector with his burros, on the desert bare,
Away from the tender loved one's care.

The Lonely Prospector's Life in the Golden West

I AM a lonely prospector in the West,
I feel weary and worn tonight;
The day lies behind me in shadow,
And only the evening sky is light.

Gleaming with the sunset glory
That lingers about the golden west,
My poor heart is tired and aweary
And longs like a child for rest.

Let me dream once more of the golden nuggets,
Of the hills I in loneliness trod,
When the scorching sun at noontide
Beats down on my snow-flaked head.

For to me life's seventy-eighth mile-stone,
But a wasteful journey marks;
Rough lies the hill country before me,
Behind me the long trail of a wasted life.

Yet the prospector knows of no sorrow,
Nor pain nor hardship that may befall;
Those gone before him have suffered
A lonely plot on some mountain side.

But tell me of a rich gold strike,
That falls on the wound like a balm,
And my heart that is bruised and broken
Shall find sweet repose in the golden west.

A KIND and gentle word is to the heart like the sunshine or the rain to a budding flower, and costs the giver nothing.

Come, Friend, With Me

COME, friend, with me!
We'll leave the hot city streets behind,
And seek, just you and I, a road we know,
That, coaxing on through shady mountain lanes,
Leads to a bank where sparkling waters flow.

Come, friend, with me!
For what is to us the world of city life,
A little world so filled with petty strife,
That has bowed you down in the strife?
Let's know for a while the joy of outdoor life.

Come, friend, with me!
Let us forget for just a little while
Tomorrow's care—the grief of yesterday.
Today is ours; so let us enjoy life—
Just you and I and our outdoor friend, Arizona.

The Poet's Prayer

O LORD, give them eyes to see, for blind are they
Who stumble through life riches to gain.
They do not hear nature's sweet voice calling here,
The stream and the birds that call and say:
Come, feast of the nature's gifts; come, partake
From the Master's handiwork that keeps the soul in thrall;
Come into nature's freedom, one and all.
Look! Listen! Come, it's free for all.
And unto me, O Lord, give grace
As I wander through this ungrateful world,
The beauty of Thy handiwork let me see,
And with Thy touch mine eyes open keep,
That I may draw from nature's beauty here
My life and hope. O Lord, rest all alone in Thee.

Some of Life's Characters

THE world is full of people who have the gift of saying and doing puny, flattering things. They are everywhere found; men who just seek to foster their own interest. It is a world of hard work, selfishness and disappointment. Thousands of people have been disappointed by men whom they have trusted and in whom they have put their confidence and thought them to be their benefactors, when they have been used all these years as material for feathering their nest, and when they awaken and come to realize, to their sorrow, the little chicks have already been hatched and they are left out in the cold to shift for themselves in the rainy days.

Campaign Letters I Have Not Sent

HAVE written them—keen and sarcastic and long,
With righteously wrathful intent.
Not a stroke undeserved, nor a censure too strong;
And some, alas! some of them went!

I have written them, challenging, eager to fight,
All hot with a merited ire;
And some of them chanced to be kept over night,
And mailed the next day—in the fire!

Ah! blessed the letters that happily go
On errands of kindliness bent.
But much of my peace and my fortune I owe
To the campaign letters I never have sent!

For Arizona

YOUR laws are the greatest and best of the nations,
Your care for old pioneers there's none can outdo;
The bad man with his evils you've banished forever,
And as a result all states now bow to you.

So may your bright star in the west shine forever,
For well have you earned its place among the rest.
No longer a hissing and by-word—you've risen,
And all down the ages shall men point to you, Arizona.

Rustle For Your Own

ARE you fumin' and fretin',
Are you still blue and forlorn?
Or are you hustlin' and forgettin'
That bad luck was ever born?

Don't you know the road to fortune
Is to plug and plod along?
Don't you know if you're bed-ridden,
You are not where you belong?

For your own sake stop bawling,
Get out and do some howling;
You'll have a cap without a feather
If you only warm a chair.

Stop that knockin'—be a booster—
There's lots of room in this land,
Come and rustle, get a home;
Pay on the installment plan.

Times are good, improvin' steady,
Save your coin and be ready;
Get yours in shape for "biz"—
Build your own when you're ready.

Don't be kickin' and a-cussin',
Just because Smith bought a home;
If you want to get your own,
You've got to do some rustlin'.

You must get out and rustle,
And hustle, and bustle, and tustle.
"Make good, of could"—get a place
What you can call your own.

Drop that fool talk of "luck";
Get a grip on your pluck and buck.
Hit the trail and don't swerve
From the path you're going to follow.

A Nature's Prayer

SUN and moon, shine upon me;
Make glad my days and clear my nights!
Earth, whose child I am,
Grant me thy patience here.
Heaven, whose heir I shall be,
Keep burning my hope in thee.
Your steadfastness I need, O hills!
O, rain, thy kindness I adore!

Snow, keep me pure;
Oh, fire, teach me thy pride!
From you, ye winds I ask your blitheness,
And a whispering message, Oh, trees,
From thee I pray.

Oh, flowers, thy love I beseech of thee
While journeying here below.
The beauty of thy handiwork Almighty
Inspire me to sing on earth.
And when life's done here below,
Oh, God, grant me to sing thy praises
In the other world beyond the skies,
Is a poet's humble prayer.

Why Not Cheer Them?

THERE are heroes with wan faces,
Who uplift their fallen brothers;
Heroes who, in humble places,
Labor for the love of others.
Why not pause sometimes to cheer them
For the good deeds they have done;
Why not willingly revere them
For their patience and their zeal,
While yet their ears can hear them,
Before it is too late.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

IF YOU are too busy to notice the sweet melodies of the birds and the different tints of the wild flowers once in a while, you are working entirely too hard.

Look Pleasant

WE CANNOT, of course, all be handsome,
And it's hard for us all to be good;
We are sure now and then to be lonely,
And we don't always do as we should.

To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still;
But at least we can always be pleasant
If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly,
Although you feel worried and blue;
Smile at the world and look cheerful—
The world will soon smile back at you.

So try to brace up and look pleasant,
No matter how low you are down;
Good humor is always contagious,
But you banish your friends when you frown.

Christmastide

O CHRISTMASTIDE, O sweet delight, more than human bliss,
With her to live that ever loving is;
To hear her speak whose words are so divine,
That she by them, as they in her are graced;
Those looks to view that feast the viewer's eye,
How blest is he that may yet live on Christmastide.

Such Christmas love as this the golden times did know,
When all did reap, yet none took care to sow;
Such love as this an endless Christmas makes,
And all distaste from frail affection takes.
So loved, so blessed, is my beloved, am I;
Which still our eyes may see another Christmastide.

Arizona, An Ole Sweetheart o' Mine

MY FRIENDS, don't tell nobody,
But I've got a valentine
From a charmin' little lady,
That's an ole sweetheart o' mine.

She isn't young no longer,
But she's sweet as she can be,
An' I'm lucky to have had her
Growin' old along with me.

Makes no diff'rence what my mood is,
She won't fail to understan';
There's a soothin' warmth o' friendship
In her touch upon my han'.

So I've chose the sweetest o' them,
An' I've loved her best o' all,
For a valentine, little lady,
My dear sweetheart Arizona, o' mine.

This Is the Land

FORGET all the old and welcome the new!
The future is bright and true!
Plough for the beautiful dream of the new—
Build the land!

Changeless the past, but the future is ours,
Open for us to take part.
Fruit of our purposes, proof of our powers,
Work for yours now!

All we desire is for us to create;
Here in our hands, here is the chance!
This is the day that is never too late,
This is the land.

Life's Friendly Smile

LIFE'S friendly smile is like a sweet spring,
Gushed forth from granite rocks;
The bow of promise spanned its glistening drops,
A silvery rill, from bondage free to wander on to its life's way, the Sea.

Thus some innocent, friendly smile,
Crowning a world of death and sin,
Blossoms into beauty of soul through love
Sheds like the sunlight from above.

A friendly smile is just like sunshine;
It freshens all the day;
It tips the peaks of life with light
And drives the clouds away.

And the thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth while—
Costs the least and does the most—
Is just a friendly smile.

And fulfilling the promises of the rill,
Tho' it may wander whither at will;
At last it reaches the open sea,
And reaches the sea of Eternity—
Just true, a life's friendly smile.

Love Means Service

LOVE means service. Here is where it shines. Selfishness implies one person. There can be no love without at least two persons. The selfish man centers everything upon himself. He who loves seeks others. So the man that loves his neighbor will serve his neighbor. He will help him and sacrifice for him, if necessary. This is not a burden. He delights in it. He cannot be happy without it. His heart seeks other hearts and only as it finds them in loving service does it find its own satisfaction.

Boost for "Yavapai"

SITTING on a bench out in the park one evening,
In the beautiful city a mile on high,
When tht full moon was up in the clear blue sky.
Nearby sat a couple, talking o'er its wondrous beauty,
And they wondered why so few people visit here
In this wonderful clime of good old Yavapai.
If they only knew what is good for all of you,
You wouldn't forget so soon to boost for Prescott.

If you only knew what is good for Prescott,
You would have this town a-booming very soon;
For if everyone would boost like you and I,
Prescott would prosper, though the living is high.
If you only know what is good for Yavapai,
You'd not spend you money all away from home;
You'd stay in gay old Prescott, with her pine-topped hills—
If you only knew what I know, you'd boost for Arizona.

If all you would pull together for Arizona,
And let people know how many shady brooks you have,
Everybody in this land, "Prescott" would then be in demand.
You'd work to full capacity and more;
Then the merchant and the hotels would be busy,
And prosperity would your every effort crown.
Every store room would be filled, new ones you would have to build;
There wouldn't be an empty house in town!

If you only knew what is good for all of you
You'd pull for "Yavapai and Arizona."

A GOOD many people expect to get something for nothing; but they are nowhere near as numerous as those who get nothing for something.

Courtesy Has a Big Value

COURTESY may seem a lost art to some, or little worth bringing back, but it is not.

Courtesy is one of the old-time arts that dies only with the man or the business, for the rise of many a man and business has started with it.

Emerson once wrote: "Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give the master of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes."

Courtesy is of more value to a man than a thousand letters of written recommendation. Courtesy is an asset of more power than money or influence. Many presidents of corporations owe their career to courtesy. Courtesy lightens the burdens of toil; courtesy demands respect. Courtesy is a little brother to opportunity, and follows her around through the busy hours of the day, and at the end leads to friendship.

Take the courteous office boy, the courteous clerk, the courteous stenographer, the courteous ticket agent, the courteous waiter, the courteous manager and the courteous leader of heavy tasks—whoever heard of such a one not growing or not climbing into greater things? Think over these truths, for it is tremendously worth while to take time to be courteous in this busy, selfish, bustling world of ours.

The man who scatters sunshine is the man who gets
the boon;
He makes a lot more friendships than the one who
scatters gloom.
If he meets his next-door neighbor, he can meet him
with a smile;
And the man who is a frowner will be beaten by a mile.

A Blessing

THE greatest blessing that can come to an organization—political, fraternal or otherwise—is harmony among its members.

Christmas Night

O CHRISTMAS night!
We sing tonight the Christmas chimes,
Of Christmas anniversary chimes—
The holy chimes,
The golden chimes,
The mellowed tones of golden chimes
And sweet for Thee of whom we sing.
May all the bells of Concord ring
The sacred chimes,
The golden chimes,
As they have rung in olden times.
May warm love greet you when the chimes
Shall ring again on Christmas night.

The Fruits of Our Labor

AS IT was in the days of old, that figs did not grow from cactus, the man who expects to reap figs has always had to plant figs, and he always will. But there seems to be hope eternal in the human breast that by some yet undiscovered process our particular figs will grow on almost any kind of a desert bush. So we go on seeding with the seed nearest at hand and easiest to get, and in after years sit down and wonder why the crop isn't just what we wanted. But if you do your part, Fate or Fortune, or whatever name by which you choose to call it—God will do the rest; but always and forever keep in your mind:

Every clime has a plowin' time an' plantin'—
Sunny days and rainy skies;
An' a steady hoein' time,
Before the harvest time draws nigh;
For the apple that you climb for
Tastes the sweetest in the end.

Arizona, God's Country

LET US lift up the voices, from river to sea;
To Americans all, far and near.
One call, as it throbs o'er the land of the free—
"Arizona, God's country, for you and me."

On deserts, down valleys, where great rivers run,
And far, where the mountains rise gray,
Ring it on to the land of the setting sun—
"Arizona, God's country, for you and me."

Sing of that beautiful land, in that soft clime,
Of the crimson evening tide;
Just for one day, under the clear blue sky,
In "Arizona, God's country, for you and me."

School Days

SCHOOL days have come again,
School days have come again,
The happiest of the year;
A jolly lot of boys and girls
Have come from far and near.
We represent the country,
We represent the town;
And you know by the noise
It's "us" when we're around.
Because we come back to town,
For school days again have come.

We meet for education,
And we're goin' to need it, too.
Our nation's destination
Is "up to" me and you.
We come for inspiration,
And we'll make things hum,
While summer's heat is over
And school days again have come.

An Arizona Toast

MY DARLING Arizona, here's to you;
Your worth is known from sea to sea.
As your worth is true, your clime's my clime;
Your style's my style, and your ensign's blue.
Oh, my darling Arizona, I'm for you.

The Cactus Giant

THERE grows a tree within our State,
Majestic, tall, of desert fame;
Its home is in the sun-kissed clime,
Well known to all as cactus giant.

It rears its crown and tops them all;
'Tis life-saver of the desert called.
The first to greet the traveler's eye,
And its beauty charms the passerby.

On its limbs the thrush makes its nest,
There to break the desert hush.
Spring-time brings forth its lilies fair,
And crowns the giant of the desert there.

Within our southern valley great—
The sunniest clime of any state—
A cactus forest was reclaimed,
Named by its founders "Cactus Park".

It took its rank and held its place,
Long before the pale-face came.
The record of the past gives proof
Of noble deeds to human needs.

Oh, Cactus Giant! Oh, Cactus Giant!
Close to our heart your name's entwined.
Your home is on the scorching plains,
As life-saver and friend to man.

Nature's Beauty Helps to Form Character

TELL what you have seen as you have traveled over the world and come in touch with nature and with human life. In what way has it contributed to your individual character and welfare?

To be able to see the beauties of nature, to enjoy the glories of the mountains, or to become enraptured with the highest music and the wonders of nature's painting, is to call forth those tastes which help to form character. It is a glorious thing to see God in His nature world, to hear His voice in the ripple of the stream, in the sighing of the trees, in the music of the song bird, in the rolling of the thunder, in the roaring of the sea, in the chirping of the crickets, in the dawn and sunset beauty, and among the plants of the wild flowers.

The man who has no spiritual vision and cannot get in touch with the beauties of nature, is worse off than a blind man.

More Brotherhood of Man Is the Cry Today

IT IS not a grand, magnificent mansion,
It is not a new furnished room;
It is not a set of cushions,
Or a marble front will tell.
It is none of these things, my brother,
That we are in need of most today;
But the good old-fashioned religion,
And more power of brotherhood of man
Is the cry in our midst today.
In this beautiful sunny land
We need more today.

Peace Thought

GOD grant that I may live to see the day
When all revenge in mankind shall cease to be;
And all nations' hatred shall be banished from earth,
And a lasting peace reign among all tongues and creeds.

Don't Feel Blue

IF TIMES are hard and you feel "blue,"
Think of the others worrying, too.
Just because your trials are many,
Don't think the rest of us haven't any.
Life is made of smiles and tears,
Joys and sorrows mixed with fears;
And though to you it seems one-sided,
Trouble is pretty well divided.
If we could look in every heart
We'd find that each one has its part;
And those who travel fortune's road
Sometimes carry the biggest load.

If He Is Your Friend

IF HE gives you recognition
When your clothes are patched and torn;
If he comes to see and cheer you
When you are lying sick and worn;
If he takes your hand and lifts you up
When you're on the downward track;
If he says the same things to your face
That he says behind your back;
If when odds are strong against you,
He fights for you to the end,
Bind him tightly to your heart,
For that man surely is your friend.

Meters Everywhere

HELP me to get away from those meters: Gas meters! Electric meters! Water meters! Steam meters! Time meters! Speed meters! Even cold-storage meters! Lord, how they affect the cost of living! Van meters; how they affect the cost of loving! I trust they won't invent air meters in this balmy clime of ours!

San Xavier Mission Fathers Were Trail Blazers

THE old mission fathers of the early Padres in our state were the ones who blazed the trails of civilization in this new and old land of ours. They were the farthest removed from leaners; they were a devotional race of men, and knew no such words as fail in the upbuilding of the desert land and the erection of the temples on the lonely desert, which we still have with us. And it is due to their gallant efforts that the civilization in the Southwest was won today, and in all their forward movements there still stands a cross in memory to the good old Padres and pioneers.

When San Xavier Mission Was New

SPEAKING to an old "San Xavier mission father,"
Of his Padres brave and true,
Of the times when pale-faces were few,
When this old mission was new.
"They're gone," he sadly murmurs,
And his eyes fill with tears,
As he tells of good old "San Xavier,"
As it was in former years.

He may tell some doubtful stories,
But the truth I won't gainsay;
For good old San Xavier was a haven—
Yes, a retreat—in her day.
They're gone, these good old Padres,
Some are sleeping 'neath the dew;
A few remain yet to remind us
That once this mission was new.

Honor to the good old Padre—
Let his memory ever stay;
Now he's vanished, gone forever—
"Grand old Father" of yesterday.
He who ventured o'er the desert—
Blazed the trail for me and you—
Has gone to rest on yonder mesa
Since "San Xavier Mission" was new.

MISSION OF SAN XAVIER DEL BAC

Nine miles from Tuscon—It is the most beautiful and more interesting than any other in the Southwest

February Month Is One of Awakening

THE month of February has its bright sunny days of charm and inspiration, of hope and awakening, more than any other month in the year, in this land of cloudless skies.

One cannot help but pause in the mild rays of the sun and view the green fields and the rows of hedges along the highways and admire the little brooklet rippling on its way, on whose edges the spring violets bloom in profusion and charm the passerby.

The birds from the northland that have come to spend the winter in this golden sunshine, seem to feel just the same. Their notes are as clear as the clear air. The robin red-breast is enjoying his feast on the palm seed, and is joyously calling to its mate to hurry up and get some, too.

The bluebirds in large numbers are looking for their feed in the green alfalfa meadows, while the meadow lark sings its little song on the fence post to the passers. What a glad and beautiful world this looks like, as one drives or rides along the valleys and over the foothills.

A True Heart I Want For a Friend

IT'S NOT the heart with lust for gold I want for a friend,
For gold that vanishes won't buy the true heart of a friend;
Nor will mere length of a fortune spoil the sincere heart of a friend,
Nor break the ties of friendship strong or lay it low to die.
For what is within the heart of man that's what makes life fair—
Just honest, kind and on the square—
That is the kind of a heart I want for a friend.

Cause for Thanksgiving

THANKSGIVING ought to mean much to everyone who lives in this beautiful, sunny climate. Even the least fortunate of our people enjoy blessings of which their forefathers could hardly dream, and looking back over the years, what a great transformation has marked our advancement through Indian days and old Quantrell's wild raids; through great tribulations have we reached the present attainment. But it is through such fighting, enduring and suffering that our great Cactus state has made its progress.

Years ago sickness and pestilence meant something very different from their present significance. Anaesthetics, modern surgery, cleanliness, ventilation and good care work daily wonders for rich and poor alike, which were unheard of only a little while ago.

It is not long since in western civilized countries that more than a hundred crimes were punishable with death. Shameless technicalities meant more than justice, mercy and kindness. The law of today may be far short of what it should be, but it is unspeakably better than the law of yesterday. For education, health and material well being; for justice, freedom and peace, all men and women ought to render humble and hearty thanksgiving.

And it ought to be all the more fervent because along with it go hearts full of sympathy for other people from whom cruel war has taken these blessings for a season.

Now let us make the keynote of Thanksgiving day, not gratitude that we have received blessings of which others have been deprived, that we have escaped disasters which have been visited on others, but that our rich blessings give us power to be of service to other sufferers, and let us remember that he who possesses peace of mind is blessed; he who is endowed with wisdom is blessed; he who merits the love of a little child or the friendship of a dog is blessed; he who loses all else and maintains health is blessed.

So stop and count your blessings one by one. Even the smallest of these is for us to be thankful.

Arizona Nuggets

BRAGGING is always excusable when you brag of your home town.

* * * * *

The fellow who thinks only of self makes a poor subject for the thoughts of others.

* * * * *

No matter what the weather may be, you can always have sunshine in the heart.

* * * * *

How often some knotty problem has been solved with the aid of an honest and trusty friend. But the most steady friend is our dear mother. How many times have her cheering words inspired us to "try again."

* * * * *

We all know it does not appear more often in politics than it does in society, this civic hypocrisy; you all know the man and the woman who tells you in scandalized whispers of so and so's shortcomings, and then dissolves into joyous smiles when the fellow comes along.

* * * * *

The greatest joy in our lives is the inspiration of our activity; the balm for the thorns that have been strewn along our path is the satisfaction that comes to us in knowing the good deeds we have accomplished among our fellow beings in the past, in that little world that surrounds us while traveling on life's journey. For what greater joy can come to a man than the knowledge that his efforts have helped others, have helped them overcome some obstacle that has stood between them and a greater success.

* * * * *

Have you an American flag? Look at it occasionally and you will become a more loyal citizen by so doing.

To My Successor

HERE is a toast to my successor, a fellow who's going to follow me;
The fellow who's going to take my place when it's time for me to go
I've wondered what kind of a chap he'll be, and I've wished I could take his hand,
Just to whisper, "I wish you well, old chap," in a way he'd understand.
I'd like to give him the cheering word that I've longed at times to hear;
I'd like to give him the warm hand-clasp, when never a friend seems near.
I've learned my knowledge by sheer hard work, and I wish I could pass it on
To the fellow who'll come to take my place when it's time for me to go.
Will he see all the sad mistakes I've made and note all the battles lost, or
Will he ever guess of the tears they caused or the heartaches which they cost, or
Will he gaze through the failures and fruitless toil to the underlying plan,
And catch a gliimpse of the real intent and the heart of a vanquished man?
I dare hope he may pause some day as he toils as I have wrought,
And gain some strength for his weary task from the battles which I have fought.
But I've only the task itself to leave with the cares for him to face.
And never a cheering word may speak to the fellow who'll take my place.
Then here's to your success old chap, when you'll get into that place;
I leave an unfinished task for you, but God knows how I tried.
I've dreamed my dreams as all men do, but never a one came true;

And my prayer today is that all the dreams may be
realized by you.
And when, at the end of your term, we'll meet some
day in the realm,
You'll know my clasp as I take your hand and gaze
in your tired face.
Then all our failures will be success, in the light of
the new-found dawn;
So I'm wishing you well, old chap, when you'll take
my place when I am gone.

New Year's Time

FAIR hands may set the New Year's clock,
What time we never can forget;
No key the future can unlock,
No hand the clock of death may set.
The New Year's time,
The happy time.
New times, new favors and new joys
Be wove for you all with threads of gold.
Who vows begin and vows renew
And happy year of life review,
May love's sweet times
At all her times
Greet you from far and wide,
Where'er life's tent of peace may be.
A happy year for thee
May it be for thee,
'Till life shall end, and after life,
Eternal bliss beyond the skies,
I wish you all
On New Year's time.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

WITH grateful memory of the past, we face the future years with every confidence, believing always that the true measure of life's success is not found in the business world alone, but largely in the great joy of friendship building.

A Bed of Violets

AS I WAS sitting on a bench in the court house park one Sunday, in God's beautiful sunshine, enjoying the songs and twitter of the birds with heart's content, and as I observed the beauty of nature, I could not help but notice a group of ladies leaning over the iron fence and exclaim: "What a beautiful bed of violets! They are just lovely." This little bed of violets has had more admiration from the ladies of our city and the tourist world in the spring of the year than anything else, and is worthy of admiration. Right at the present time it is in full bloom and is a mass of violet blue basking in the sunshine, and spreads its fragrance to the passersby. It was a little bed at the same spot sixteen years ago, when I first saw it there, and has grown to a goodly size. It grows almost without a caretaker, except a little water occasionally. Its beauty and charming sight have carried many a message of love to the passerby, or thrilled some lonely heart, though shattered life's hopes may be.

It never fails to inform us about the middle of February that spring is again at hand, when its little buds begin to show their little heads. Probably few realize what an important part the violet plays among society, young and old. It is in demand everywhere when in season. It reminds one again of the boyhood days, when we used to ramble through the woods together with our first sweetheart, picking wild violets in the familiar haunts. It carries inspiration that words are too harsh to communicate. It touches heart chords like sweet music and brings back memories of glad days gone by, of which we love to think when we think of love.

And it brings back that longing
To sit again once more,
Beneath the shady willow,
Where birds pour out their song;

Beside the babling brooklet,
Singing its way along,
Where violets sweet with perfume
Attract you and me.
Ah, there could I rest forever,
With the sweetheart to be.

What's In the Heart Will Appear in the Face

YOU cannot reap joy for yourself out of the pain of others. You cannot harvest peace out of the disquiet of your fellows. You cannot build right on the foundation of wrong. Life comes from the inside out, and not from the outside in. Life radiates; it cannot be absorbed. What you are inside that you will ultimately be outside, and you cannot evade it or avoid it. If there is a canker at your heart it will eat its way out, and you shall in no way stop it except by cutting out its very roots. You cannot be honest with the rest of the world until you are honest with yourself.

Let Nature Comfort You

IT IS difficult for many of us to find anything but selfishness and sadness in this world of city life, and one would be less than human to have any other deep mood now untinged by the thought of war.

Yet nature is not selfish, nor indifferent; she is the calm and healing mother for us all. Bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, she has made us and nourished us ever kindly; and when human selfishness in a bustling city life, trying to overwhelm you, find some quiet field far from the voices of men, lie in the grass close to her bosom, listen to the crickets and let nature comfort you. She can and will bestow her blessing upon us all who seek her virtue.

Natural Thoughts of God's Nature Land

THE world of nature has provided us with the necessaries of life, and the talent given us to make use of the same. Each day has its task—no more. It is only when we go beyond that which nature has given us and force the mind and body to do things not prescribed by nature; when we are not content with present-day surroundings and to bear the evils the day may have brought us, but harm ourselves with anticipation of those the future may bring; when we are not satisfied with the "daily bread" for which one wiser than we taught us to pray, but strive to lay up a useless surplus to leave behind; when the pleasure of this world was given us to enjoy as nature provided it for in wholesome moderation degenerate into wild excesses. It is only then that outraged nature takes revenge for the neglect of her laws, and sanitariums, climate resorts and lunatic asylums are filled with the victims of ill-regulated lives.

I sometimes think we may not see a climate
More complete in reality of loveliness and beauty rare,
Of winter's healing, balmy air,
That brings back hope to the afflicted here,
From far city's troubled everywhere.
Like long-forgotten dreams come true;
In this sunny land, they come from everywhere,

Those "health seekers," and when they don't happen to find the same green hills which they had away back in the New England states, then they just keep on kickin' and a'cussin' and call "God's country" a God-forsaken land. For an example, we have from "a traveler on the desert" somewhere in this beautiful valley, under the title, "The Exile Far from the Old Home," a poem in an eastern magazine a few months ago. This article found a large circulation in the eastern states, and was reprinted by a number of publications, of which a copy was sent to me by eastern friends, inquiring if that talented writer was telling the truth, or if he was "homesick," or if that was the result of an Arizona

nightmare. When he starts off saying, "I am down in Arizona on the desert's burning sands, 'tis a God-forsaken land," etc., so down the line, in the fourth and fifth verses he closes by saying, "New England has no mountain full of wealth and mines and drills, but I'd give this whole damned country for one night of its green hills," etc. It is astonishing how some people love to knock, and still they will come out here to this land of the blest. If they would only learn to come before it's too late, and not fail to realize the blessing the Almighty has bestowed upon them when he created the dry desert in the great southwest, the only land of hope for the afflicted. Thus far the dry desert air has lost none of its virtues, because one little flower has failed to bloom. Shall nature's healing power not conquer the white plague tomb? Because the rain forgot the thirsty land, shall not life live on the desert? He who made it so for the afflicted, a star of hope, the brightest that ever shone were God's plan for you and me.

There's beauty all around us. Then why should we be sad? Even the desert has its beauty and sings to the lonely heart that loves her. Her beauty thrills the longing heart of nature; each bush and wild flower, each towering cactus, speaks to the listening ear. There's never a wayside rock but offers a charming sight to some passerby; no bird but may thrill some lonely heart. Though shattered life's hopes may be, God gave us all some talent to make this world a little sweeter. Right thinking is the most important law of nature.

A Bright New Year

THAT the new year holds a great promise for each and all is as certain as its coming. It opens wide its portals of hope; reveals in glowing outline the bright future of a great achievement, and points the way to the loftiest heights. All that it asks in return is that we shall be worthy of the goal, faithful and consistent in our progress towards it. How far we shall travel along the road illumined by the new year's wondrous light, remains for us to decide. Nor should any selfish spirit mark or mar the conquest of the opportunities it presents.

If we are to secure real happiness for ourselves and fellow beings on life's journey, we must practice at all times the full significance and inspiration of the dawning year by perpetuating our love and sympathies for mankind everywhere, and by giving permanent truth to the so oft-spoken good wishes of New Year's day.

Some will probably read this just before or after the new year comes in. I, therefore, would like to extend to the readers and all my friends a hearty wish that 1917 may be the best year you have ever had in your lives. Remember that our lives in this beautiful world are largely what we make them, and if you decide right now that 1917 will be a good year, you will find in December that you have had one of the brightest and most blest years ever known in the land of the blessed.

Begin Now

ONLY by doing our duty towards one another can we learn how to do it. No one would dream of learning to play a violin merely by looking at the instrument and counting the strings. We must begin to play, even though discord be the first result. The way to anything worth reaching, is to begin.

The Flower of Civilization

THE standard of our civilization is determined by the attention given to details and the use made of previously discarded resources.

The savage lets the desert remain a desert, but the civilized man digs the irrigation ditch, floods the arid plains with moisture, and roses bloom upon the wind-swept sands.

Christianity has won its place in this sun-kissed land by conserving and developing discarded human beings and elements; she has taken ignorant people and savage races and developed them into the flower of civilization. She has taken the outcast of society and restored him to his proper place among his fellowmen.

For half a century the debris from the coal mines lay in the discarded mountain heaps; then the industry developed, until today fortunes are made by washing the coal from the culm banks.

This conservation and development have always been accomplished at the sacrifice of precedent and tradition. "It is not the custom" has been the bane of all improvement. The traditionist has never been a prophet or an inventor. The rebel of one generation is the patriot of the next. It is not true that "what always is must be."

Here in the southwestern American desert is the chief indication of the rising standard of our civilization in the conservation and utilization of our resources. This is not found merely in valleys; it runs everywhere through the thousands of miles into the mountains, "who shall bring forth its wealth and the desert shall blossom as the rose."

FOR the benefit of those who know me in the West, I can truthfully say that I have often plucked a desert cactus and planted a flower in its lonely place, wherever a flower would grow.

Desert's Beauty by Moonlight

IF THOU wouldst view the desert aright,
Go visit it by the silver moonlight fair;
For the gay beams of light some day,
Illuminates its wondrous beauty there.
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy hand,
Twixt and straight the cactus stand,
In many a freakish knob nature had twined;
Then formed a cross when the work was done,
And in the silver light that shone,
Showed many a redman's skill on stone,
Whose image was carved of man and beast,
By him who calls the desert "Home, sweet home."

My California Friend

OUT in California I have a friend,
In this great western world that has no end
Yet weeks go by and monthis rush on,
And before I know it a year has rolled by,
And I never see my old friend's face.
For time seems like a swift rushing stream;
He knows I like him just as of yore—
As in the days we went to school
And played together—we were young then,
And now we are busy, hustling men;
Busy with piling up an earthly gain,
Busy with trying to make a worldly name.
"This summer" I will call on my friend,
Just to show that I still care for him;
But summer comes and summer goes,
And the distance between us dimmer grows.
Out in California—many miles away—
Comes this telegram:
"Friend George died today."
That's what we get and deserve in the end;
Out in California, a vanished friend.

The Joy of Outdoor Life

THE joy of outdoor life, the life of nature, the life of the bird and the bush; to sit on the shady side, surrounded by nature and God's work you will find on every hand, His glory is not in its freedom, but I find its glory in the open; each bird, each bush and wild flower, each towering tree speaks to the listening ear. There's never a wayside rock but offers a charming sight to some passerby; no bird but may thrill some heart, though shattered life's hopes may be. God gave us all some talent to make this world a little sweeter.

When We First Met

WE MET where the Pacific ocean roars,
On an evening's stroll by moonlit shores,
By the broken glitter of the wave,
With throbbing hearts we in silence stood.
Then out to me her white hands went,
And on my heart, before I knew,
Closely nestled, she sobbed and cried:
"My heart, my love, 'tis all for you!"
And when she could weep no more
She kissed me with no shame nor fear.
"O, how this heart of mine," she said,
"Has pined for you and you alone!"
And this, my true love, now I tell,
For back to Arizona we must go;
And speak me proud, but O, my love,
'Tis only us two that shall ever know."

Toil, the Price of Peace and Joy

WORK is the price of peace; toil is the price of joy. In this lies the solution of life. It is God's law, and it is man's law. There is no easy way. There is no other luck than this.

The Friendship Flower

FRIENDSHIP is a wonderful flower, delicate while young, growing stronger, richer, purer with the passing years.

Love, hope and charity form the soil from which it springs; sympathy beautifies it; adversity purifies it; truth is the elixir, the refined spirit from which its strength emanates; joy is intensified, sorrow alleviated by it. Its chalice holds the essence of love.

Rare friendship flowers are those that blossom along the rugged path of endeavor. They spread upon the air of the clear height of right doing, a perfume that heals all bruises of the heart and soul. The fragrance of one of those flowers will sweeten a whole life.

Arizona Welcomes You

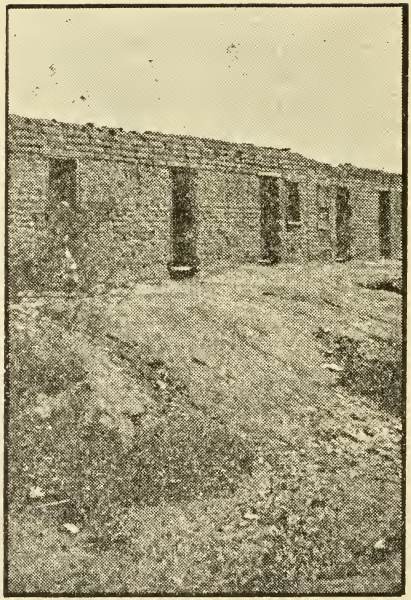
COME, view the grandeur of Arizona at will;
Search for peace of heart with all your skill;
The door stands open wide and lofty,
A welcome awaits all who wish to enter
And seek her wealth of beauty on her bosom.
In vain you've searched the European shores,
In vain you've searched the foreign clime.
Grass and flowers, quiet treads,
On the mead's and mountain heads,
While at home with pleasure close at hand,
Its charming beauty twinkling on every side
Awaits your coming to view its grandeur
In the land of the Golden West.

Salutation

WHAT can we do these days
That will make this world brighter?
Isn't there some one in it
Who can gladden it with song?
Isn't there some one who will scatter
Just a kindly word of cheer?
Maybee it's you that's reading
This brief message written here.

Everyone of us has a duty
That none but ourselves can do;
Let it be crowned with beauty
And a meaning deep and true.
Let each of us cheer the other
And add to the world's brightness.
I'll be your faithful brother,
And you'll be as truly mine.

And though when you've finished reading
These lines you shall go your way,
Good friend, and but little heeding
The things I have sought to say.
Life may seem kindlier rather,
And hold still more of cheer,
Because we have come together
And chatted a moment here.



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